

Louisville Evening Times

OLD SERIES—VOL. XXV.

LOUISVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1899.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I, NO. 36.

Daily Weather Bulletin.

By Western Union Telegraph Lines for May 29, 9 A. M.

CITIES.	TEMP.	WINDS.	WEATHER.
Louisville.	78	S. E.	Cloudy.
Memphis.	78	S. E.	Clear.
Nashville.	78	W.	Clear.
Pittsburg.	70	S. W.	Cloudy.
Dubuque.	46	N. E.	Cloudy.
Chicago.	51	N. E.	Cloudy.
St. Louis.	70	S.	Cloudy.
Cincinnati.	80	N. W.	Clear.
Flint.	85	N. W.	Clear.
Washington.	70	S. W.	Hazy.
St. Paul.	74	S. W.	Clear.
Augusta.	78	S. E.	Clear.
Key West.	83	E.	Clear.
Havana.	81	None.	Clear.
Batavia.	88	S. W.	Cloudy.
Knoxville.	80	None.	Clear.
Chattanooga.	80	S. W.	Clear.
Montgomery.	78	None.	Cloudy.
Shreveport.	77	S. E.	Cloudy.
New Orleans.	77	S. E.	Cloudy.
Houston.	—	—	—
Vicksburg.	—	S. E.	Cloudy.
Natchez.	70	S. E.	Cloudy.
Ozark.	77	N.	Clear.
Charleston.	80	N. W.	Clear.
Philadelphia.	58	S. W.	Cloudy.
Boston.	58	S. E.	Cloudy.
New York.	58	S. E.	Cloudy.
Buffalo.	52	W.	Foggy.

THE CITY.

Improving.

The many friends of Wm. K. Thomas will be glad to know that his condition has changed for the better; and that some hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

For Frankfort.

The members of the Committee of Arrangements who propose to accompany the remains of Gov. Morehead to Frankfort, on Monday morning, are requested to call at the Mayor's office for free transportation credentials to-day.

General Council.

The General Council met again to-night, no quorum being obtained in the upper board at last night's meeting. Important business, which must be acted upon before the close of the present month, will be presented to-night; hence, a full attendance of the members is desired for the meeting to-night.

Crab Orchard Springs.

This favorite summer resort is now in the hands of Colonel D. W. Jones, a well-known Kentuckian (formerly of Jones, Given & Co., bankers, New York), and everybody who has the pleasure of knowing him will be glad to hear of it. Crab Orchard is one of the best watering places in the country, and the hospitality which is certain to be dispensed by the proprietor will add to the pleasures of the place. The mineral and medicinal waters of Crab Orchard are unrivaled. There will be a crowd at Crab Orchard this summer.

Getting her Rights.

A woman, perhaps twenty or twenty-five years old, pretty and plucky, met a man near the corner of Jefferson and Preston streets last night, and "lit" into him with a club, which she laid on the head of the fellow with no gentle touch or lack of muscle. She imagined, and perhaps she imagined rightly, that he had wronged her, and said she was getting what Lizzy Cady Stanton is so troubled about—her "rights." The fellow hadn't the moral courage to even run away from the virago, and she only ceased work upon him when she became too much exhausted to longer wield her ponderous club.

The Blind School Exhibition.

One of the largest audiences ever assembled in Weisiger Hall was present last night to witness the exhibition of the pupils of the institution for the blind. The performances throughout were entirely satisfactory, and in proof of this we need only mention that from beginning to ending the stage was almost literally covered with showers of beautiful bouquets. The singing of Miss Costello was especially fine. The exercises in mathematics we have seldom seen excelled by scholars of any school. The Superintendent, Mr. Patton, and the other officers of the institution, have every reason to feel proud of their efforts. We should like to see the exhibition of last night repeated at least once more, believing it would receive the same liberal patronage that was extended last evening.

Bitten by a Dog.

A lady named McGrath, who keeps a grocery store on the corner of Seventh and York streets, had one of her children, a little girl, badly bitten by a dog, several days ago. The child was playing with other children in the street near her mother's store, when a negro girl let a vicious dog out of a gate at a house on the opposite side of the street. The dog ran out and pounced upon Mrs. McGrath's little child in a ferocious manner, biting the girl severely. At the time, Mrs. McGrath went to the owner of the dog and informed him of her child having been bitten by his dog. The man told her he would shoot the ferocious brute; he did not such thing, but hid him away somewhere beyond the reach of the police. Yesterday the child's wounds assumed a serious shape, turning a dark yellowish color, and showing symptoms of mortification. We have known instances where the dog, although showing no prominent evidence of being mad or having hydrophobia, was really affected with the terrible disease sufficient to cause fatal results when he has bitten a person, or, in other words, inserted the saliva of his teeth or tongue into the flesh of his victim. Therefore, it is always well enough when a dog has bitten any one in a ferocious manner, and the bite or wound assumes the appearance above mentioned, to kill the animal at once. This is the only perfect and safe guarantee that he will do no further harm to life or person. Although the wound of the little girl is not yet positively known to be dangerous in its character, there is no telling what it will yet come to, or what the fate of the child may be.

A NEW EDITION OF THE OLD STORY.

True Love not Smooth, but Successful.

A SADDLER'S APPRENTICE IS THE HERO.

In the rural town of Owingsville resides a very wealthy retired merchant. As he will have but little to do with the sketch we propose to recite to the reader, we will only say that his name is Hartic, and that he once had a daughter as lovely—well, as a rose, or anything else pure and sweet. In the village lived, and had lived for several years, a young man named Lark Clainmac. Lark was a saddler's apprentice, an industrious, sober and Christian-like young gentleman, esteemed by all the village for his numerous good qualities. He loved the daughter of the wealthy old merchant, and the daughter loved Lark. But the girl's parents stubbornly and bitterly objected to their daughter loving a mechanic—a saddler's apprentice, at that time. Notwithstanding this opposition, their daughter did love and adore the saddler's apprentice, and only waited for an opportunity to arrive to give him the best proof of her affection.

Time passed, as time is in duty bound to pass, and the expiration of the young man's apprenticeship drew near—near, in fact, that his "boss" gave him his credentials as an honest, upright young man, and, withal, a first-class workman. Lark had long and patiently waited for this particular period of his existence to arrive, no doubt having previously made up his mind how he would celebrate and make it a memorable one in his life's history. He called upon all his friends in the village, bade them adieu, and said that he was going home to his parents, in the interior of Hoosierdom. He knew this statement of his would be sure to reach the unfeeling and hard-hearted parents of his own Rany. (We call her this because it is not her name.) And it did reach them. Now, they thought, they would have "peace," since the "object" of so many sleepless nights and wicked thoughts had voluntarily removed himself from the town. Human calculation is sometimes erratic—at least it was in this case.

Lark took his departure from the village. But he didn't go to Indiana. He stopped at a small town called Flemingsburg, distant from Owingsville twenty-five miles. Here he hired a horse and buggy, and also two horses with saddles. When night had fallen he put on his mantle of darkness, and pinned it with numerous stars, he set out on his return to Owingsville. At a village a few miles this side of the latter place he left his buggy and proceeded with the two saddle-horses. Arriving in the town he rode directly to the residence of the old merchant, and while he, perhaps, dreamed of the trouble the young saddler's apprentice had caused him, and how happily he was at last rid of his presence, that same saddler's apprentice was assisting through a second-story window the lovely daughter, in order that she might fly with the man she loved, even to the uttermost end of the earth, though it was only necessary to go to Ohio, and to the latter place they made their way. On the morning of the second day "out," as the mariners say, they "made" Aberdeen, Ohio. (We should not omit to state to those not posted, that Aberdeen is on the opposite side of the river from Maysville, Kentucky, and is used by the Kentucky young folks thereabouts for the same purpose that Jeffersonville is by oppressed lovers in this locality.) In the little town of Aberdeen lives an old "Squire"—Shelton by name—who, we venture to assert, has made more distressed young hearts happy than any other man in the "Buckeye State." To him Lark and his faithful Rany applied for succor. He, being no "Sucker," but a real kind-hearted old gentleman, soon put them through a little ceremony that enabled the persevering and loving couple to snap their fingers at any interposition or opposition on the part of the "old folks."

The above "episode" was related to us by a friend of the "principals," who witnessed the performance of the ceremony. He also says that the young man Lark is a model of worthiness, fit to be the husband of the best girl in the land, and that he has the sympathy of all the village where he lived and won his wife; and, if this be the case, we cheerfully offer the loving and plucky pair our sympathy with that of the Owingsvillians.

Shameful.

An old man, of fifty years or more, yesterday got on a drunk up town. In the afternoon he went to his home, on Jefferson street, below Fifteenth, and beat his wife, a most excellent lady of nearly fifty years, in a most horrible and brutish manner. The unfortunate lady applied to Mayor Buncie yesterday evening for protection against her brute of a husband. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, and the old curmudgeon will receive prompt attention.

County Democratic Convention.

The Jefferson county Democratic Convention is in session to-day at Jefferson town, to nominate a candidate for the Legislature. It is understood that the names of John Downey, J. B. Parks, Jas. McCawley and Esquire Garr, will be presented. The general impression is that the nomination lies between Downey and Parks, with the chances in favor of the former.

DECORATION CEREMONIES TO-DAY.

The Procession.

As we go to press on our first edition, the procession of citizens, engaged in the decoration of the Federal graves at Cave Hill, is forming on Fifth street. The indications are that the number who will participate in the day's exercises will be large. The day is a beautiful and propitious one for the work in hand, and the whole affair promises to be highly creditable to managers and participants. The procession moves on its march to the cemetery at 2 o'clock, according to the published programme, and will be composed of military and civil officers, soldiers and citizens.

At the cemetery, and during the ceremonies, two orations will be delivered—one in the English language and the other in German. Rumsey Wing, Esq., will be the English orator of the day; we are not informed as to who will be the German speaker on the occasion.

An immense amount of flowers and evergreens were delivered at Weisiger and Turner halls this morning, beside many taken to the cemetery at an early hour of the day.

We had intended to print the English oration in full in our paper to-day, but its length precludes the possibility of doing so. We doubt not but it will be an able production, coming from the eloquent gentleman who has been selected to deliver it.

Ex-Gov. Morehead.

The mortal remains of this illustrious Kentuckian are now with us, but soon will be borne to their last resting-place. And while it is, perhaps, the duty of every one, as far as possible, to assuage the bitterness and acrimonious feelings that the war gave rise to, there is one event in the life of Gov. Morehead which now naturally gives rise to reflections.

While we gaze upon the narrow coffin which imprisons all of him that is mortal, we cannot but remember the confinement of the living man in the cheerless walls of Forts Lafayette and Warren. Our citizens will not forget how the good old man was taken from his bed, near this city, at the dead hour of night, hurried across the river to Indiana, where the protecting laws of the State he had honored could not reach him; shifted thence to New York harbor and confined in Fort Lafayette, and thence to Boston harbor, where the walls of Fort Warren incarcerated him. Those who were with him in prison saw him stretched at night upon an army couch with a straw mattress, so much less in length than his body that his feet protruded vainly seeking his wonted recumbent rest. And they forget not the damp of the cheerless casement in which he was confined, where stood frowning cannon, pointing from port holes to the fresh air of heaven, which he was forbidden to breathe. His fellow-prisoners remember these things, and forget not the good old man's own words that the life he was leading there would soon end his days. He never recovered from the effects of this prison life, but went down to his grave, well-knowing that his years were shortened by the miserable existence meted out to him in the bastilles of his native land. And for what was this hostile life imposed upon him? Not for crimes, because no wrong ever stained the bright escutcheon of his immaculate character. He was, however, born upon the soil of the South, and reared among those with whom he sympathized in their struggle for independence. This was his crime, and for this he went to the bastilles which sowed the seeds of dissolution in a body designed by nature for nobler purposes and a better end. The woes of his friends were his woes, and that was his only crime.

Prof. Mueller's Dancing School.

This eminent artist gave a private exhibition at his room in Weisiger Hall last evening, which we had the pleasure of attending. Few instructors in this country have met with the success which has attended the efforts of Professor Mueller in teaching the difficult art of dancing. Parents and guardians having pupils under his charge express their hearty satisfaction, and the pupils themselves have attained a degree of proficiency truly wonderful. Among the different dances last evening, were the Grand Parisian Polka Quadrille, the Parisian Varieties, the prince of fashionable and graceful quadrilles, the dashing Russian gallop, the Imperial French Quadrilles of Napoleon le Troisieme, the Pas Syrien and Cachane Eiler, with many new and favorite dances of the courts of Europe. We should not omit to mention, however, the magnificent and stately "German," which, above all others, claims our admiration. Through communication with his special agent at Paris, Prof. Mueller is enabled to furnish his pupils with the latest dances. We understand he will give a grand exhibition early next month at Glover's Hall.

Burglars.

Up to noon to-day we heard of no depredations being committed by the burglars last night. They have always, as a rule, since their debut in this city, rested from their labors on Friday nights. It seems curious enough, but this fact has been noted by the police for several months past, that the burglars have never made any raids on Friday night. Probably the thieves have a mass meeting on this night to concoct mutual plans for operations on other nights.

Street Crossings.

Substantial stone crossings are being put down at the intersection of Jefferson and Third streets, not a bit sooner than they were needed.

The Little Waif.

Alexander Ellis, a bright-eyed little boy nine years of age, made application this morning to the Judge of the City Court to be sent to the House of Refuge. He said he came from Georgia and had no parents, and neither friends nor home, and that he did not want to run about the city with bad boys. He stated that he had been brought to this city by some one, but that the person had gone away. He is a bright little fellow of pleasing address and manners. While being questioned by the Judge his countenance was pleasant and attractive, and entirely void of impudence, which generally marks the majority of the juvenile applicants.

Here is a rare chance for some of our generous citizens to give to the world a man of worth and talent. His Honor sent him to the House of Refuge, to be taken care of until he is twenty-one years of age.

A Faithful Watch Dog.

The burglars attempted a raid Monday night, on the house of Capt. Fish Henry, on Breckinridge street, near Second, but were scared off. Thursday night they returned and succeeded in effecting an entrance into the parlor; but in going through the back yard with the intention of sealing the fence and to depredate on the adjoining premises, they encountered the watch dog, which evidently went for them. One of the rascals seemed to have seized a washboard and interposed it between his carcass and the dog, for the marks of the dog's teeth were plainly visible on the washboard when examined next morning. The tracks in Captain Henry's yard show that one of the burglars has enormously large feet, while the others are apparently those of a woman.

A Great Curiosity.

There is now at Duckwall's stockyard, Portland, one of the curiosities of nature, in the shape of a bull with three horns and three eyes. There is a horn in the center of the head, which is the largest, and there is an eye just below it. It bears a strong resemblance to a rhinoceros' horn, but is larger. The other eyes and horns are natural, and the animal is in all other respects like his kind. It will be put on exhibition.

Run Away.

Yesterday evening, while a negro was leisurely riding a horse along Fifth street, and leading another by a halter, the one he was leading took fright at something, and springing to one side jerked the darkie from the horse he was riding. Both horses then ran away at a furious speed. After a fast run of a dozen squares, the black man succeeded in getting both animals again.

The Rink.

Though there were many amusement attractions offered to pleasure-seekers last night, Glover's skating rink had its usual large share of patronage. Roller skating is fast becoming an established popular amusement and recreation in the city, and we know of no one better qualified to teach the art than Mr. Eugene St. Clair, at Glover's rink.

A Bridge Fallen.

A bridge on the New Albany and Chicago railroad, south of Bloomington, fell before last. A train passed over the bridge but a short time before it fell. The bridge was old and fell of its own weight. There was no freight train last night, but a temporary structure admits of the transit of trains, and passengers leave as heretofore.

Oratorio of Queen Esther.

Prof. Foote and class have been rehearsing the Oratorio of Queen Esther preparatory to giving a series of concerts. A matinee will occur Saturday, the 12th, for complimentary benefit of the Mission Sunday Schools of the city. We can assure our readers who can enjoy a musical treat that the occasion will be a rare one.

Fire in New Albany.

There was a fire in New Albany, at about ten o'clock last night. From the reflection of the light of the flames on this side of the river, the conflagration seemed to be in the central portion of the town. We have been unable to obtain any particulars.

Effects of the Storm.

The heavy rain storm night before last did considerable damage on the line of the Jeffersonville railroad. The bridge which was being constructed over Sugar Creek, on that road, was washed away, and hence a delay in the train due at 11 o'clock to-day.

Personal.

General Fayette Hewitt, Quartermaster-General of Kentucky, Col. J. Stoddard Johnson, S. I. M. Major and Jno. Mason Brown, of Frankfort, are at the Galt House.

Col. D. Howard Smith, State Auditor, is in the city.

TOWN TOPICS.

Sealed Proposals.

Are advertised for in another column for work on the Elizabethtown and Paducah railroad, at the company's office at Elizabethtown, Ky.

New Store.

By advertisement it will be seen that Messrs. Preuser & Wellenroos have removed their store two doors below the old stand, where they will be pleased to receive their old friends and customers. They have also just received a fresh stock of spring and summer goods, which in beauty and style cannot be excelled.

Not Sold Out.

The red flag out the window over Capt. Fish Henry's International Restaurant, means that the billiard room is being sold

out, but has no connection with the restaurant. Fish is still on hand, ready to supply his many friends with jellies, cobblers and other things good to take, including all the edibles that the patrons of a restaurant can want. His larder is supplied with all that can tempt the appetite, and Fish himself is a popular host. Meals are supplied at his establishment for fifty cents each.

THE COURTS.

Louisville City Court.

HON. E. S. CRAIG, JUDGE.
Mint juleps are a very nice thing; I'll drink to your health, here goes it! Much better than a whiskey sling, and every bartender knows it. Be sure to stop with five or ten. And suck 'em through a straw; but never mix with ale or gin. If you want to beat the law.

This was the calm reflection of Hugh Willis when he awoke to hours of sobriety, and recalled the pleasing taste of his smashes and the soothing effect of his beer. The court was to go and sin no more, but charged Hugh \$3 for the advice.

Mike Terry and Mary McBride were out taking a pleasant stroll by the light of the moon. They stumbled into a whiskey shop while stargazing, and both went down together. They were captured as gentle snipes and sold at market price, \$3 each. Mollie Bullitt, stealing clothing worth less than \$4, from Germania, Deitweiler; held in \$100 to answer.

Wm. Bradley was presented for abusing his family; his wife was introduced as a witness.

Judge—"Well, Mrs. Bradley, what have you to say against your husband?"

Mrs. Bradley—"Judge, he has been drinking for a week now, and don't come home; and when he does, it is to abuse me and starve me. He has not provided anything, but spends his—"

Wm. Bradley—"Judge, I have something to say about that. She is always running about, day and night, and when I tell her to stay in she says I abuse her."

Mrs. Bradley—"Well, I believe in a woman having her liberty when she wants it."

Judge—"You don't know the meaning of the words you use—your husband has the right to control you; when you married him, you promised to obey him."

Attorney for Bradley—"Yes, Mrs. Bradley, you promised to take him for better and for worse, and this is the worse."

Mrs. Bradley—"Judge, he has been white with this, and he ain't paid me yet. This settled thing; Mrs. B. was mad because William had not collected his means. The court thought the Mayor responsible for this family broil, and let William go."

Marriage Licenses Issued for Week Ending May 28, 1899.
John Sullivan to Mary Ann Reus.
Sabine Lige to Regina Baur.
Ernest M. Hauser to Maggie K. Crawford.
Joseph Goldkorn to Theresa Kahn.
John J. Connelly to Melissa Nelson.
Thos. Thompson to Elizabeth Johnson.
Henry Tompsett to Louisa Schuetner.
Charles S. Smith to Anna L. O'Brien.
Jacob Balmforth to Susan B. Crawford.
Victor Schuler to Catherine Ulfie.
Herman O. F. Ribaw to Philippa Raubold.
John M. Hauser to Maggie K. Crawford.
F. M. Newkirk to Lizzie A. Wingard.
Michael Potts to Sarah Cain.
J. H. Beard to Alice Collins.
Sebastian Guenther to Cornelia Meyer.
William Warner to Josephine Frank.
Andrew Haller to Mary Senn.
George Cape to Susan B. Crawford.
Huch Keven to Anna Wellharitz.

DEFICIT IN A BROOKLYN BANK.

The Late Mr. Rushmore's Accounts—A Quarter of a Million Missing from the Atlantic Bank—Excitement Among Depositors.

From the N. Y. World, 28th.

In the matter of sensations, Brooklyn central is about as high as the city can recover from the exciting details of the latest love tragedy, the public is staggered by some entertainments in the way of defalcations by warehouse-keepers, and misapplication of its funds by the trusted guardians of the public about to be related is especially interesting, and deplorable that the chief actor in it—heretofore believed to be the soul of honor—a victim of the recent railroad disaster on Long Island—is even now mourned for by his people. Scarcely buried, the prayers have lingered on the lips of many utterers to be turned to anathemas against him, for so wonderfully pliable are the sentiments of the world and so easily do they run in the channels of prejudice that it requires only a slight motive to effect the change from reverence to disgust and hatred. Only a few days more than one month since Mr. Wm. C. Rushmore, late President of the Atlantic Bank, died a successful death. As was necessary, his successor was appointed to take charge of the affairs of the bank. Motives of delicacy prompted the directors to postpone the immediate appointment of another President, and Mr. George S. Puffer was called upon to act pro tem. He went to his work expecting to find it an easy task, for great confidence had been placed upon the capacity of Mr. Rushmore as a shrewd business man, and upon his unclouded integrity. But, as Mr. Puffer advanced step by step in his examination of books and papers, he became satisfied that grave errors had been committed somewhere. Instead of showing the bank's capital, \$500,000, to be secure, he discovered a deficiency of some \$250,000 in its securities, while a surplus of about \$100,000 more, that was supposed to be in its strong vaults, was not on hand. A more thorough investigation by the directors only verified the statement of Mr. Puffer, and now realizing the brink to which they had been brought, they set to work to find where the leak had been. It was too easily traced to transactions of their late President, who, it was discovered, had made large advances to a contractor on securities that the directors had declared to be insufficient. Again, they found the deceased had speculated largely in real estate; the transactions being in his own name, but the deeds placed in the bank to secure it, as would seem from a label on the package which is so indorsed.

Some days since the security of the institution was precarious, which led to a limited run on it. This, however, was quickly quelled by the action of the directors pledging themselves to secure all depositors and for the general safety of the bank. This so assured those who had removed their deposits that they immediately returned them. Some of the largest concerns in the city have always deposited there; amongst others the Brooklyn City Gas Company, the Brooklyn Railroad Company, the Union Ferry Company, and the Board of Education. The directors were about to reorganize the bank under the State system, when the crisis occurred, but now that that is over, it is expected that the change will be effected without delay.

The Pope and the Patriarch.

A few weeks ago it was announced that the Pope had sent some eminent persons to the Patriarch at Constantinople to invite him to the great Vatican Council. The Greek papers now state that his Holiness has also honored the Patriarch of Alexandria with a similar summons. At the time appointed the Papal plenipotentiary, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Alexandria, accompanied by three other clergymen, presented himself before the Patriarch, when, after an exchange of compliments, a colloquy took place, with which we must take great liberties for the purpose of condensing, but our familiar version of which shall fairly represent the original.

Roman Catholic Bishop—Most Venerable, I am commanded to hand you a brief inviting the occupant of this Patriarchal Throne to the Vatican Council.

Patriarch—Do the contents of the brief agree with those of the Encyclical of the most Blessed Pope of Old Rome?

Bishop—They do.

Patriarch—The desire of his Holiness for the union of all the churches of Christ is excellent. We too, of this ancient apostolic and glorious Throne of St. Mark, have always offered up fervent prayers for the same end. But here the community between us ends; all beyond is delusion and discord. We cannot accept this brief for three reasons. First, it does not equalize what exists among the holy churches of God, and abolishes their independence, proclaiming that Rome holds sway over other churches equally self-governing. Secondly, the Pope gives us to understand that salvation is to be obtained exclusively in Rome; whereas the doctrine of divine grace, as operated, does operate, throughout the globe. In the third place, the Pope intimates that he assembles the Council on the Festival of the Immaculate Conception—a dogma wholly unknown to the Church, a recent innovation, and by no means a solitary one. But why pursue the course to adopt the course to which history points, and to approximate the modern institutions of Rome to those of more primitive times. But, not acting on this principle, his Holiness will labor in vain, and further widen the breach which already separates us.

Bishop—The Holy Father summons this Council as head and sovereign over the Church, and successor of the blessed Apostle Peter; but I am not come to discuss.

Patriarch—Be it so; but we do not yield to such pretensions, which are at a variance with the received teachings of the Church, of which Christ only is the head.

Bishop—But you know that your church is the see of the Apostle Mark, who was consecrated Bishop of Alexandria by the blessed Peter. Besides, did not the great Athanasius appeal to Rome?

Patriarch—If the Bishop of Rome boasts of St. Peter, he of Antioch has a still better right to do so, Peter having died and acted as Bishop there before him. The consecration of St. Mark by Peter makes no difference, for all the apostles were equal in authority and dignity. Again, if Athanasius appealed to the Bishop of Rome, it was when he was under persecution, and as a suffering brother to one able to help him—not to a superior.

Bishop—For such an end as unity should you not be a little less precise, and not stand so much on your dignity?

Patriarch—No; this is not a question of a form, but of a most important principle. But not to prolong this discussion, let me repeat once for all that, as this new attempt to bring the churches into unity has miscarried, it is necessary, if he sincerely desires the unity of the Universal Church, that he should write to the Patriarchs individually, and, acting in concert, endeavor to come to an understanding with them respecting the course to be adopted in announcing every idea of domination and every dogma on which opinions may clash in the Church. By so doing, his efforts might perchance be crowned with some degree of success.

The conversation here became ceremonious and complimentary, and, in due season, the Pope's envoy retired with his attendants, carrying with them the rejected invitation.

CRESSWELL.

From the New York World, 28th.

If it be true, as it is reported to be, that Postmaster-General Cresswell, at the request of sundry clergymen, has undertaken to stop the mail service of the United States on "Sunday" between the great cities and several of our leading places, we trust that no time will be lost in bringing the Postmaster-General to his senses, and more lively and accurate sense of his duties and responsibilities. He is set at the head of the postal service, not to impose his own or other people's religious notions upon his fellow-citizens, but to see that the letters which people have occasion to write are carried to their destination as safely and expeditiously as possible; and it says but little for his fitness for his office that the press should be compelled to remind him of so obvious a fact. He has no more right to deprive people of the opportunity of corresponding regularly with their homes because for health or pleasure they choose to visit the seashore or the mountains than he has to suspend the Sunday mails from Boston to New York in the hope of thereby forcing the Bostonians to alight Emerson and attend divine service in the Presbyterian church.

Young Lover Cowarded.

At about 11 o'clock last evening, Broad street, Newark, was the scene of an amusing but a painful episode. A slim young lover, dressed in black, was taking a nocturnal moonlight ramble with a pretty young miss, when an elderly woman, the girl's mother, pounced upon them like a tigress, and began a vigorous cowering on the head and shoulders of the slim young lover. He fell on his knees, and in that position received about fifty lashes. Some gentlemen interfered and rescued the victim. The old woman then embraced her daughter, and finally embraced the young man also, and forgave him and asked his forgiveness.—N. Y. Sun, 27th.

—The Princess Metternich's wardrobe is said to consist of 120 silk dresses, 194 morning gowns, 60 walking dresses, 60 cloaks, 50 shawls, 152 petticoats, 280 chemises, and 100 pairs of gloves, 363 pairs of stockings, 156 pairs of gloves, 30 pairs of boots and shoes, 70 belts and sashes, 64 brooches, 73 pairs of earrings, 31 fans and 24 parasols.

(OFFICIAL.)

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

THURSDAY EVENING, May 27, 1899.
Present—President Rubel and all the members except Drs. Krack and Crowe and Messrs. Story and Giles.

The reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting was dispensed with, and the same were approved.

A message was received from the Mayor, submitting the report and address of the President and Managers of the Cooke Memorial Association, which was received and ordered to be filed.

The Street Commissioners submitted separate resolutions approving the following Engineer's appointments, which were severally adopted: Appointment of grading, curbing, paving, and macadamizing Main street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third, F. Crofoot, contractor.

Appointment of grading and

and throughout the interior
orders for gas works, or let-
till be promptly attended to
Company. Office No. 201
le, Ky. seal d&wiz

